

A
P O E M
ON THE
P E A C E

10.
Happily Concluded between
England, Spain, Holland and France,
At Reswick, 1697.



L O N D O N,

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TO THE
Right Honourable
THE
EARL of *SUNDERLAND*:
One of the Lords Justices of *England*,
AND
Lord Chamberlain to his Majesty's Household.

S I R,

WHilst each King, the Wars dread Randing done,
His Neighbour troubles not, but minds his Throne;
Whilst taught to grow by Trade, and govern Peace,
Spencer, and *Spencer's* Arts their States redress;
Pardon the Joy which Muse and Fury brings,
The Man of Nations, and the Love of Kings.

Hush

Hush all ye Thrones!—Hush ev'ry Hallow'd Power!—
 Whilst Godlike *Nassau* speaks—Be War no more.
 Tis said!—And strait to distant Nations round,
 An Angel clipt, and fate upon the Sound.
 In the Third Heav'n, on a fair Crystal-fold,
 Is Peace, Joy, Love—and all that's Peace, enroll'd.

Hail! Peace, Old Age's Beauty, Ploughman's Rain,
 The Pagan's Gospel, and the Miser's Gain!
 Wizards Prefage, Atheists Prayer, Envy's Love,
 Below, the Song of Men, and Hymn of Gods above!

The Times that hear Blest *Reswick's* Leaguer flight
 Or *Namur's* hardy Siege, or *Mons's* Fight.
 Here the proud *Louvre* views, 'twixt Joy and Shame,
 The Heavenly Mortgage made to *William's* Name;
 With so much Ease such Costly Wonders done,
 In one hard Day, the Toil of Ages won;
 And him the Forts, earn'd with *French* Smart afore,
 His *Brittons* slumb'ring, to the World restore.

Old *Latium* kept hard Conquests like their Word;
 Nor let the bandy'd Cities shift their Lord:

Now,

Now the fierce Child, (as Reverend *Homer* chants)
 His nobler, warlike, leafy Ramparts plants.
 Old *Rome*, Sir, for such Acts so much is due,
Nassau their Oath, had held a Day for you.
 Doubtless Towns got so soon, are govern'd long,
 Fenc'd with your Mystick Arms, made Heavenly strong;
 They by your Conduct taught, rank Ease abhor,
 And in mid-Peace abide the Smart of War:
 With Care like yours, *Jove's* Bird his Dues assumes,
 And carries Thunder on his Downy Plumes;
 Enough to shew, when they'l provoke their Doom,
 You'l drive the *French-men's* puny Conquests home.

When the Fiend War you by your Valour's Spell,
England the Circle, chain'd up fast in Hell;
 You glorifi'd the Towns thro' which you rode,
 The *Briton's* Angel, and the *Belgian's* God.
 The gracious Pomp of Peace adorn'd your March,
 Half Heavens bright Concave, your Triumphal Arch.

All Ten Years Wars assaulted *Dryden's* *Troy*,
 Twice Ten Years Wars Great *William's* Tale employ.
 No more our Children *Hector* shall bewail,
 Tell us, tell us, they cry, dear *William's* Tale.

How the *Batavians*, while her Arms advance,
 Our Nation errant, freed from *Spain* and *France*.
 Now having pass'd the Streights, your Thunder soon
 Makes their Oak-Gyants tremble in *Thoulon*;
 Whence forc'd at last, they cowering from afar,
 Like mean-got Traffick, run their Ships of War.
 E're long set sail again, and we pursue;
 Hatter'd in th' old World, dog 'em to the New.
 Where they like Thieves pant in their Watry Den,
 Heedless of Rocks, yet sculking from our Men:
 And whilst their beating Hearts for Terror ake,
 The World's vast Island for *Great Britain* take.

How Distant Nations worship his Renown,
 And where scarce God himself, is *William* known.
 The *Russia North* his decent Courage greets,
 The Savage *North* quakes at our Southern Heats.
 Fair *Moscow* learns the Passage of the *Rhine*,
 And *Moscow's* Torrent gives it for the *Boyne*.

Our Western *Jove*, how *Turkish* Squadrons fear,
 Will o're the *Hellepont Europa* bear;

But

But now ——— The World, unknown in Courts before,

Shall find our Husband King, Love's Throne adore.

As once their Sides th' Immortal Sticklers chose,

These for *Aeneas*, and for *Turnus* those;

So you, Sir, with your lovely, lovely Dame,

Shall see the *Polish* Stage fight out your Nuptial Game:

Clapt in her Arms, O! Listen to her Prayer,

Nay, do not, do not mind these ugly ways of War.

Whilst Peace with her rich Urn at Thresholds stands,

And holds to Hunger's Mouth, her blessing Hands;

Since Crowds at Ease th' anointed Cares devour;

As all was Rage behind, let all be Love before.

Men rough in War, in Peace are soft agen;

War the Brutes Plague, the Charter, Peace, of Men.

A while to view the great World join'd with this,

Milton would quit his own lov'd Paradise;

Himself a Cherub now: ———

And *Gabriel's* Spade, th' enchanted Bridge should lay,

And with bright *Topaz* *Uriel* pave the Way.

O! may your Kingdom's feel, without Alloy,

Like you, Sir, an unweary'd Line of Joy.

Nor

Nor Seamen quarrel, nor our Merchants find
 The lean War leave it's Tygers Claws behind;
 Whilst you thank those that reign'd for you before,
 Much *Cavendish*, *Sommers* much, but *Spencer* more.

FINIS.

